

WHEN ROSINA COMES.

Rain may fall a pouring torrent,
Skies above be dark and drear,
Winds may howl with sound and roar—
When Rosina comes to see us
All the world seems bright and clear.

Oh, the music of her laughter!
Oh, the sunshine in her eyes!
How it lingers, long time after!
When Rosina comes to see us
Gladness comes, and discord dies.

Oh, the sympathy and sweetness
That she has for everyone!
Sorrow flies with sudden fleetness
When Rosina comes to see us
As the mist before the sun.

She's a bit of Heaven's own beauty—
And to her, what is, is best—
Life means love—and sweet is duty.
When Rosina comes to see us
On that day we have been blest!
—Judith Spencer, in Good Housekeeping.



CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

And Canker came and listened. It was admitted that Gray had had a long talk with the prisoner, took him his overcoat, newspapers, etc., but, in extension, they were members of the same college society and their social standing was, outside the army, on the same plane. Gray deserved reprimand and caution—nothing more. As to the carriage, he had nothing to do with the one that drove to camp that night. A man in the uniform of a commissary sergeant giving the name of Foley (how Canker winced) had ordered it at the stable and taught the driver "Killarney." Gray had "phoned for a carriage for himself, hoping to get the officer of the day's permission to be absent two hours to tell his story in person to the general, who was dining with the department commander. He never got the permission, and the carriage went to the wrong camp. Lieut. W. F. Gray was released from arrest and returned to duty.

"I shall never be able to thank you enough," said he, sentimentally, to Miss Lawrence, at the Palace that evening. They were strolling up and down the corridor, waiting, as was Schuyler, for Mildred to come down for the theater. Gray's curly head was inclined toward the dark locks of his fair partner. His eyes were fastened on her faintly flushing face. They made a very pretty picture, said people who looked on knowingly, and so thought the officer in the uniform of a colonel of infantry, who, while talking calmly to Mr. Prime full 30 yards away, watched them with eyes that were full of sadness. How could he be so at that distance that her eyes, clear and radiant, were seldom uplifted to the ardent gaze of her escort, and were at the moment looking straight at him? How could he hear at that distance the prompt response, given with an inclination of the bonny head to indicate her meaning?

"There's where your thanks are due, Mr. Gray."

Quite a gathering of army folks was at the Palace that night. So many wives or sweethearts were going home, so many soldiers abroad, and Mrs. Frank Garrison, gay and gracious, passed them time and again, leaning on the arm of Capt. McDonald, a new devotee, while poor Cherry, with an enameled swain from the Presidio, languished in a dim, secluded corner. She had been recalled by parental authority and was to start for Denver under a matronly wing on the morrow. Mrs. Frank had been bidden, and expected, to go at the same time, but that authority was merely marital. Up to this time not one army wife had been permitted to accompany her husband on any of the transports to Manila, though one heroine managed to get carried away and to share her liege lord's stateroom as far as Honolulu. The general and his staff, with a big regiment of volunteers, were to sail on the morrow, the other regiments as fast as transports could be coaled and made ready.

Something in Mrs. Garrison's gay, triumphant manner prompted a sore-hearted woman, suffering herself at the coming parting, to turn and say: "Well, Mrs. Garrison, I suppose that after your husband sails you'll have to follow the rest of us into grass-widowhood."

One thing that made women hate Margaret Garrison was that she "could never be taken down," and the answer came cuttingly, as it was meant to go, even though a merry laugh went with it.

"Not I! When the ship I want's ready, I go with it!"

But as she turned triumphantly away, the color suddenly left her cheek and there was an instant's falter. As though he had heard her words, Stanley Armstrong too had suddenly turned and stood looking sternly into her eyes.

CHAPTER XIII.

Still another expedition was destined to start for Manila, and keen was the rivalry among the regiments held to daily drill at San Francisco. The rumor was current in the camps that the next review was to decide the matter, and that the commands pronounced to be foremost in discipline and efficiency would be designated to embark. The transports that had conveyed the earlier expeditions to the Philippines began to reappear in the bay, and coaling and refitting were hurried to the utmost. The man most eager to get away was Stanley Armstrong; and if merit were to decide the matter it was conceded among the volunteers that in point of style and equipment the "Primeral Dudes" "held over" all com-

petitors, even though every competitor believed itself more than a match for the Dudes if actual campaigning and fighting were in contemplation. Senators and members from the states represented by the volunteers at San Francisco led burdensome lives, for officers and men were pulling every wire to secure the longed-for orders for an immediate voyage to Manila, when, all on a sudden, the hopes of all were crushed. Spain had begged for peace. "No more men can be sent to Manila," said the officials consulted, and Camp Merritt put on mourning forthwith.

But Armstrong had been studying the situation and was not easily daunted. He was a man whose opinion carried weight, and from the very first he had maintained that while 15,000 or 20,000 might be men enough to hold Manila, 50,000 might not be enough to subdue at once the forces of Aguinaldo in case they should turn upon the Americans, which, said he, placidly, they will most certainly do before we are a year older.

The Dudes, therefore, much to their disgust, were kept steadily at work. Other regiments, profiting by example, followed suit; but in others still, a small proportion of their membership, believing, as they said, that the "jig was up," took to lawless and unhalloved expression of their disgust and became thereby a nuisance to the neighborhood. San Franciscans, who had wept copiously when others sailed away, would have seen these patriots sent into exile without shedding a tear.

"Every man of this command will yet be needed and yet be sent," said Armstrong. So, too, did the veteran division commander, and the brigade took heart accordingly. The last of the regulars, with the recruit detachments for regiments already in the Philippines, had been shipped to Honolulu, there to await orders, and September seemed destined to go by without a change for the better in the prospects of the men still left in camp about the reservation. The Primes, convinced at last that the boy they sought was not to be found in California, had gone to Santa Anita visiting their kindred, the Lawrences; and Armstrong, buckling down to hard and constant work, was striving to persuade himself that he did not care that the mornings no longer brought with them the carriage and the fair face of that gentle girl; the department commander himself had gone to take a look at his new responsibilities in Hawaii; little Mrs. Garrison still held court, though with diminished retinue, at the Presidio, when one day, just as October was ushered in, there came a message from the adjutant general in town. Would Armstrong drop in at the office at the first opportunity? A matter of some importance had come up in the general's first letter from Honolulu, one on which Armstrong's opinion was desired; and the colonel, hoping for tidings of a chance to move even that far to the front, made immediate opportunity and took the first car for the Phelan building. The adjutant general looked up from a littered desk as Armstrong entered.

"It is good of you to come so promptly," said he. "I'm in a stew, to tell the



Nowhere saw the mistress of the house.

truth, and I want your advice." Then he tapped his bell. "Excuse me to anyone who comes for the next ten minutes," said he to the attendant who entered. "I have business with Col. Armstrong."

No sooner did the orderly vanish than the man of the desk whirled full on the man of the saddle. "Armstrong," said he, "you defended Gray and proved him innocent. What else has Canker against him?"

"Nothing that I know of—why?"

"Because he's got him in arrest again at Honolulu, and the chief is worked up over something. Look here—do you suppose—did you ever hear about certain letters that were stolen from Gen. Dayton's tent?"

"I heard—yes. Why?" And the look of disappointment which had appeared in the grave face of the colonel gave way to one of alert interest.

"Just read that," said the staff official, holding forth a letter. "Begin there at 'Later!'"

And Armstrong read, his forehead slowly grooving into something very like a frown.

"Later. I may have to remain here several days. Canker, with the—teenth, went ahead before news of the protocol could stop him; but he leaves here a number of sick—Lieut. Gray, charged with using threatening and insubordinate language to his commanding officer, among them; and Gray is down with brain fever. The doctors say he is too ill to be disturbed, and his side of the story is hard to get at, as the boy is too slightly to talk sense. From Canker's own admission I learned that he accused Gray of having knowledge of the whereabouts of that packet of letters stolen from Gen. Drayton's tent, and the youngster's reply was furious. Canker had to place him in arrest and prefer charges. When asked if he were sure of his ground in making so serious an accusation, he declared he had proof positive, at least he would have the instant they reached Manila, and his intention was to take the boy along with him to be tried there by court-martial, where 'no meddling

outsiders,' as he said, could buy off witnesses. It was plain that he considered himself out of my jurisdiction, and that he resented my staff officer's questions. But Dr. Morrow had appealed to me in behalf of Gray. Said that if compelled to continue a prisoner aboard that transport under Canker's tyrannical rule Gray might be goaded into insanity. He was in a condition bordering on brain fever when Morrow came to see me, and in another day was raving. That settled it. I ordered him taken off and placed in hospital here, and Canker had to go without him. But I wish you would see Armstrong and tell him about Gray, so that I may know the whole situation as soon as I return. Canker evidently intended not to let us know his proofs. He probably believes that he will find a more credulous and complaisant listener in Drayton; but his insinuations pointed to Gray as at least an abettor in the theft, and he went so far as to say that if Armstrong could be brought before the court some very interesting testimony could be dragged from him, and, finally, that both Armstrong and Mrs.—well, the wife of a staff officer who is already well on the way to Manila—might be compelled to testify. I cannot bring myself to repeat more than he said; but he was in ugly and almost defiant mood, and I had to give him a dressing down. You may say to Armstrong for me that I do not believe one word of Canker's calumny at his expense or that of the lady in the case. But he declared his intention of laying the whole matter before Gen. Drayton immediately on his arrival, and it is best that Armstrong should be prepared. As for the lady, Canker said she and Armstrong were very close friends when they were at Fort Stanhope ten years ago, though they no longer meet as such.

"And that brings me to another matter. I declined positively to allow two or three ladies, wives of officers, to go on to Manila with Canker's command; and they said that as I had promised Mrs. Garrison a passage I had no right to refuse them. Pressed for their authority, two very estimable women told me that, at the Presidio two days before we sailed, Mrs. Garrison openly boasted of having my promise to send her on the very next steamer. Now, who is really the fabricator? I told her positively that, with my consent, she should not go; and she laughed delightedly, and said she only asked as a matter of form—the whole thing had already been settled. Just see to it that if any more transports start before my return no woman is permitted aboard except, of course, authorized nurses. Gray is a very sick boy tonight, but you might visit his father, saying nothing of the arrest, that the doctors are confident of his recovery in course of time."

Armstrong read these pages twice over before he looked up.

"How did this letter come?" he asked.

"By the Salvador yesterday."

"And the next mail for Honolulu?" queried Armstrong, rising from his chair and handing back the folded letter.

"The next mail closed an hour ago, man. The China sails at two. No other boat for a week. Where are you going now?"

"To camp for ten minutes, then to the Presidio."

"Oh, come over to the club and have a bite first," said the adjutant general, rising and wriggling out of his uniform coat as he did so. "I won't keep you half an hour."

"That half hour may prove precious," answered Armstrong, already at the door. "Many thanks, all the same."

"Well, hold on. What am I to say to the general as to Gray and those letters?" asked the staff officer, intent upon the subject uppermost in his mind at the moment.

"You can't say anything that will reach him before he returns. You have just told me no other boat would start for a week. By that time he'll be coming home." And with that Armstrong let himself out and strode to the elevator, leaving his friend to cogitate on the question over his luncheon. It was decidedly that officer's opinion that Armstrong knew much more than he would tell.

But Armstrong knew much less than he himself believed. Hastening back to camp and ordering his horse, he was soon speeding up the slope to the wind-swept heights overlooking the Golden Gate. The morning had opened fine as silk, but by noon the sky was hidden in clouds and the breath of the sea blew in salt and strong. The white-caps were leaping on the crest of the surges driving in through the straits and the surf bursting high on the jagged rocks at the base of the cliffs. A little coast steamer from Santa Barbara was pitching and plunging in from sea, and one or two venture-some craft, heeling far to leeward, tore through the billows and tossed far astern a frothing wake. With manes and tails streaming in the stiff gale, the troop horses of the Fourth cavalry were cropping at the scanty herbage down the northward slope, and the herd guard nearest the road lost his grip on his drab campaign hat as he essayed a salute and galloped off on a stern chase down the long ravine to the east, as the colonel trotted briskly by. One keen glance over the bay beyond rocky Alcatraz had told him the China was not yet away from her pier. He might have to send a dispatch by that swift steamer, and even then it would be six days getting to Hawaii. If the department commander should by that time be on his homeward journey the information would still be of interest to the general commanding the new military district at "The Cross Roads of the Pacific," and of vast benefit, possibly, to his late client, Mr. Gray. He wondered what Canker's grounds could be for saddling so foul a suspicion on the boy's good name. He wondered how long that poor lad would have to struggle with this attack of fever and remain, perhaps happily, un-

conscious of this latest indignity. He wondered if Amy Lawrence yet knew of that serious seizure, and, if she did, what would be her sensations. Down the winding, sloping road he urged his way, Glencoe, his pet charger, marveling at the unusual gait. The cape of the sentry's overcoat whirled over the sentry's head and swished his cap off as he presented arms to the tall soldier spurring past the guardhouse. "I envy no one who has to put to sea this day," said Armstrong to himself, as he turned to the right and reined up in front of a little brown cottage peeping out from a mass of vines and roses, shivering in the wet wind. Half a dozen strides took him across the narrow walk and up the wooden steps. With sharp emphasis he clanged the little gong bell served to the back of the door and waited impatient of the servant's coming. There was no answer. He rang again and still again, and no one came. A glance at the windows told that the white lace curtains hung there draped as prettily as ever. Fresh flowers stood on the window sill. A shawl and a pillow, the latter indented as by a human head, lay in the lounging chair on the little porch. Another chair stood but a few feet away. There was even a fan, though fans in a "Frisco" summer are less needed than furs; but nowhere saw he other sign of the temporary mistress of the house. He went round to a side window and rapped. No answer. Then he turned to the walk again, and taking the reins, bade the orderly inquire next door if Mrs. Garrison could be found. Yes, was the answer; she went driving to Golden Gate Park with Mrs. Stockman an hour ago, and Mrs. Stockman was to leave for Los Angeles that night. Odd! If Mrs. Garrison drove to Golden Gate Park the easiest and best way was that along which he came, and he had met no carriage. In fact, not since that night at the Palace had he set eyes on Mrs. Garrison, or until the coming of this sorrowful news about Gray had he cared to. From all that he heard Mrs. Frank was enjoying herself at the Presidio. Cherry having gone one way and her devotee another, Mrs. Frank speedily summoned a chum of old garison days to come and keep house with her for awhile, and Mrs. Stockman, whose lord had left her at the call of duty, and gone to Manila with his men, right gladly accepted and much enjoyed the fun and frolic that went on night after night in Mrs. Frank's cozy parlor, or the mild flirtation, possibly, in the recesses of Mrs. Frank's embowered porch. The last expedition had borne off almost all the "regular" element at the post, but had not left it poor, for, fast as camp grounds could be made ready for them, vastly to the disgust of the saloon keepers and street car magnates who had reaped rich harvest from Camp Merritt, regiment after regiment, the volunteers came marching over from the malodorous sand lots and settled down in sheltered nooks about the Presidio. So cavaliers in plenty were still to be had, cavaliers whose wives and sweethearts, as a rule, were far away; and Mrs. Frank loved to console such as were so bereft. The chafing dish and Scotch and soda were in nightly request; and even women who didn't at all fancy Mrs. Frank, and spoke spitefully of her among themselves, were not slow to come "for just a minute," as they said, and the evenings were on, and to stay and chat with various visitors—it was so lonesome and poky over home with the children asleep and nothing to do. Women there were who never darkened Mrs. Garrison's door after the first formal calls; but they were of those who deeply felt the separation from all they held most dear, and who, forbidden themselves, heard with envy and even distress her gay assertion that she would sail for Manila the moment the Queen of the Fleet was ready. From what source—or circumstance—did she derive her influence?

[To Be Continued.]

A Natural Mistake.

A few years before his death Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, was engaged as counsel in a lawsuit which was tried before a country judge in one of the small towns in the central part of the state. Opposing Judge Thurman was a young lawyer named Cassidy, who wore his hair pompadour, assumed an air of great dignity and was apparently greatly impressed with his own importance. Upon several occasions during the progress of the trial Thurman referred to his legal opponent as "Mr. Cassidy." The young man arose whenever this occurred and with great gravity reminded the court that his name was Cassidy. Finally, after the offense had been repeated about a dozen times, the pompous attorney exclaimed: "I must again remind counsel upon the other side that my name is Cassidy. I can't understand why he persists in maintaining that it is Cassidy." "I beg the gentleman's pardon," said Thurman. "The reason I keep getting him confused with Cassidy is, I presume, due to the fact that the latter knows no law."

Civilization and Judgment.

"You look sweet enough to eat," he exclaimed, carried away by his admiration.

"Cannibal!" she hissed.

"I mean," he corrected, seeing that he had made a mistake somewhere, "that you look sweet enough to kiss."

"Ah," she replied, now entirely appeased, "there spoke a civilized man of judgment."

Sometimes but a single missionary is needed to bring about a conversion.—Chicago Post.

But It Always Does.

Uncle Bob—Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

Johnny—I wish ma's slipper didn't.—N. Y. Journal.

Worry and Work.

It is said that worry kills more people than work—probably because more people worry than work.—Chicago Daily News.

TEN MEN ARE INDICTED

The Grand Jury Reports on the Assassination of Wm. Goebel.

Caleb and John Powers, C. Finley, W. Golden, W. H. Culton, E. Youtsey and Berry and Jim Howard, Whittaker and Combs.

Frankfort, Ky., April 18.—The Franklin county grand jury returned indictments against ten persons charging them with complicity in the murder of William Goebel. Henry R. Youtsey, James Howard, Berry Howard, Harland Whittaker and "Tallow Dick" Combs, colored, were indicted for willful murder, Caleb Powers, Capt. John L. Powers, Chas. Finley, W. H. Culton and F. Wharton Golden were indicted as accessories before the fact. In the indictment relating to the alleged accessories three other men are indirectly referred to as accessories though no indictments were reported against them.

Henry Youtsey, who is mentioned as the first principal, was a clerk in the office of State Auditor Sweeney. He formerly lived at Newport. Youtsey was first named in the case by Wharton Golden, the star witness for the prosecution, at the examining trial of Caleb Powers.

Jim and Berry Howard are cousins and mountain feudists of note, who were with the men alleged to have been imported by the Powers brothers, Finley and others.

Harlan Whittaker lived in Butler, Taylor's home county, and is alleged to have been in the room in the executive building from where the shot was fired.

Dick Combs, the negro, lived at Beattyville, and also came here with the mountain men.

Caleb Powers is the republican contestant for secretary of state, and John L. Powers, another of the defendants, named as an accessory, is his brother.

Chas. Finley was secretary of state under the former republican state administration, when W. O. Bradley was governor. Finley is now in Indianapolis, having gone there just before the warrant, charging him with complicity, was sworn out, six weeks ago.

W. H. Culton was also a clerk in the office of Auditor Sweeney.

Wharton Golden was a member of the Taylor state guard, and claimed to turn state's evidence on the stand in the examining trial of Caleb Powers, when he recited what he claimed to be the inside facts relating to the alleged conspiracy to murder Goebel and enough democratic members of the legislature to give the republicans a majority. It is stated that the commonwealth will at once nolle the indictment against Golden in consideration of his testimony.

The grand jury was not discharged and will continue the investigation Bench warrants will be sent to Clay and Harlan counties for the arrest of Jim and Berry Howard. It is not known what plans the officers have for bringing into custody the others who have not been arrested. The defendants who are in custody will probably be arraigned during the present term, but there is no likelihood that the trials will occur at the present term. About 100 witnesses are named on the back of the indictments.

Colombia Rebels Defeated.

Kingston, Jamaica, April 18.—News received here from Colombia says two big battles have been fought at Mamando and Pradera, where the rebel forces under Gen. Rosa, Ibez and Caicedo were completely routed, a large number being killed, wounded or taken prisoners. The Colombian government has sent 6,000 additional troops north. Peace is reported to be completely restored in the department of Magdalena.

Apologized for Carter Harrison.

Madrid, April 18.—The United States minister, Bellamy Storer, visited Premier Silvea and apologized for the action of the mayor of Chicago, Carter H. Harrison, in sending an invitation to the Duke of Arcos, the Spanish minister at Washington, to attend the Dewey day celebration there. Mr. Storer said the United States government regretted the incident which, he explained, was the result of an error by a municipal clerk, and promised it should not be repeated.

Perry Heath Has Not Resigned.

Washington, April 18.—First Assistant Postmaster General Heath has not resigned to devote himself to the work of the national republican committee, as has been stated. Mr. Heath has no present intention of resigning. What he may do after the campaign opens is a matter about which he will not talk at present.

Unusual Favors Bestowed.

Berlin, April 18.—Lieut. Commander Wm. H. Beecher, United States naval attaché here, accompanied to Stettin Mr. Horatio G. Gillmore, assistant naval constructor United States navy, to inspect the navy yards "here." The inspection was made by Emperor Williams' special permission.

Extent of the Work of Vandals.

Paris, April 18.—It is officially estimated that the church of Notre Dame des Vertus, at Aubervilliers, which was robbed and set on fire by vandals Sunday evening or Monday morning, was damaged to the extent of \$20,000.

Wheeler Requests Special Election.

Puntsville, Ala., April 18.—Gen. Joe Wheeler, of the 3th congressional district, has requested Gov. Johnston to call a special election to fill the vacancy caused by his resignation as a member of Congress.

Stomach Troubles In Spring

Are THAT BILIOUS FEELING, bad taste in the mouth, dull headache, sleeplessness, poor appetite.

No matter how careful you are about eating, everything you take into your stomach turns sour, causes distress, pains and unpleasant gases.

Don't you understand what these symptoms—signals of distress—mean?

They are the cries of the stomach for help! It is being overworked. It needs the peculiar tonic qualities and digestive strength to be found only in

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

The best stomach and blood remedies known to the medical profession are combined in the medicine, and thousands of grateful letters telling its cures prove it to be the greatest medicine for all stomach troubles ever yet discovered.

Wagner in Dispute.

"Do you admire Wagner?" she inquired at the musicale, looking up at him soulfully, for, although they had met but ten minutes before, there already seemed to be a bond between them.

"Not much, after the bum article of baseball he's been making us stand for here in Washington all these years," was the emphatic reply, and then she was forced to the conclusion that he, too, was lacking in appreciation of the higher and nobler.—Washington Post.

Ghost of the Glacier

And Other Tales, including Making a Revolution, Susquehanna Trail, Sculpture of the Elfs, Once a Pillar of the World, Feathers of Fashion, and others. A delightful volume, beautifully illustrated. Ready for distribution about May 1. Send 10 cents to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent Lackawanna Railroad, 26 Exchange Place, New York City. Edition limited.

One of Them.

"Look here," said the approached, "I gave you ten cents not five minutes ago. Now you are at me again."

"I'm such an absent-minded beggar," said the mendicant, apologetically.—Philadelphia North American.

Nome City, Alaska.

Is twenty-eight hundred miles from Seattle, via ocean. Is said to be the richest gold field discovered up to this time. The first steamer will leave Seattle on or about May 10, 1900. For full particulars address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

Artillery.

Artillery is becoming all the time a more important branch of the military service. In a sense war is already almost as much of a shell game as is diplomacy.—Detroit Journal.

Most of the good jokes are old ones if you only knew it.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

Woman's Refuge

when sick is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

No other medicine in the world has done so much good.

No confidence has ever been violated.

No woman's testimonial was ever published by Mrs. Pinkham without special permission.

No woman ever wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice without getting help. No man sees these letters. Her advice is free, and her address is Lynn, Mass. She is a woman, you can tell her the truth. No living person is so competent to advise women. None has had such experience.

She has restored a million sufferers to health. You can trust her. Others have.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Palmer's Lotion
CURES
PIMPLES, RED SPOTS, ECZEMA, CANKER, SORE EYELIDS, BRUISES, BURNS, and all other skin troubles. Use Lotion Soap in all cases.

A Swallow
is one of the earliest harbingers of spring—an equally sure indication is that feeling of languid depression. Many swallows of
HIRES Rootbeer
are best for a spring tonic—and for a summer beverage. 5 gallons for 25 cents. Write for list of premiums offered free for labels.
Charles E. Hires Co., Malvern, Pa.